

Indiana State Sentinel.

WEEKLY EDITION.

INTERNAL VIGILANCE IS THE PRICE OF LIBERTY.

INDIANAPOLIS, SEPTEMBER 4, 1845.

Political Mysteries of Indianapolis.

CHAPTER VI.

We had intended, for some time, at least, not to continue our sketch of the history of the Democratic press in Indianapolis, beyond the death of the "Democrat," and, instead of saying anything about the State Sentinel, we ourselves, to review the course of A. F. Morrison and other members of the press, as politicians. But the following article which appears in the Fort Wayne Sentinel of Aug. 23, induces us to modify our original purpose. We do this with less reluctance, notwithstanding we very much dislike the apparent egotism which must necessarily attend the task, because we know that we have unjustly suffered in the estimation of our Northern friends, through their misapprehension of our true position in relation to some of the most important events of the last three years. Considerations personal to ourselves, are of but trifling concern to the public; but placed as we are by circumstances in a political position in which our actions, or even those unjustly imputed to us, may affect our party at large for good or evil, it is but just to all others as well as ourselves, that we should make manifest, so far as we can, the motives by which we have been actuated. Our party has a right to demand that our motives and acts should be pure and good at all times, as we are imperfect human nature will admit. If they are good, we have a corresponding right to the confidence of our party. If there be any deficiency in these respects on either side, greater or less evil must be the result; and if just cause of complaint really exists, the sooner our peculiar relation is dissolved, the better will it be for our party and ourselves. It is true, we might avoid a public discussion of our own course, and might perhaps safely rely on time and private opportunity to correct misapprehensions. This is the course we have adopted heretofore; but we think it now expedient and proper to change that course, and to lay open to the world the motives and principles by which we have been, and hope we shall continue to be governed.

But listen to the Fort Wayne Sentinel:

"POLITICAL MYSTERIES OF INDIANAPOLIS.—The State Sentinel promises an exposition of the political mysteries of our capital, and threatens to show up the treachery and trickery of a gang of Old Hunkers, who have contrived to assume the leadership of the Democratic party, and have secured to themselves and their families, almost from time immemorial, all the emoluments of office. We are glad to see the editors of the Sentinel, even at this late date, taking these grounds, and hope they will 'cry aloud and spare not.' We have long been convinced that there was at the seat of government a set of selfish and intriguing demagogues, whose sole aim was personal aggrandizement, and who exercised a 'malign influence' through which democratic zeal and energy has been damped and checked; and its efforts for ascendency frustrated and defeated. Three years ago we saw the necessity of having the party thoroughly purged of these time-serving parasites; but our efforts instead of being seconded, as we had a right to expect, were discountenanced and our motives impugned by the State Sentinel. It is, however, never too late to do well; we therefore heartily rejoice to see the attitude now assumed by our Indianapolis contemporary, and feel convinced that he could not render a better service to the Democratic party, than by exposing these secret internal foes, and checking their insidious designs. His location at the seat of government, and consequent opportunities of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the plans and intrigues of this class, will enable him thoroughly to drag their iniquities forth to the light of day, 'to be visited with the just indignation of an injured, outraged, and insulted people.' In conclusion, we hope that the editors of the State Sentinel will firmly and fearlessly carry out the promised exposure, unswayed by threats, and uninfluenced by promises. They have a vital and powerful foe to contend with, but they will be sustained in the conflict by their fellow Democrats, and supported by the proud consciousness of performing an arduous though unpleasant duty to their country."

Before speaking directly to our Fort Wayne contemporary, we will premise by stating a few of the circumstances under which we commenced the State Sentinel. The "Democrat," as we have seen, after undergoing rapid and sudden changes, died in June, 1841. We commenced the Sentinel on July 21, of the same year. Before doing so, the ground was reconnoitred, especially in this, the central position. There was not a man, so far as we could discover, who had not contributed all the extraordinary assistance that he felt disposed or able to contribute. We could look for and expect no aid of this nature, if we had desired it. Not only so, but, to add to the difficulty, those who had contributed to sustain the "Democrat" during its last days, and had taken the wreck as a remuneration for those contributions, thought that whoever should attempt the re-establishment of a Democratic paper, should receive them of that wreck. We did so for the sole purpose of avoiding all possible objection or difficulty. We agreed to purchase and pay for the old remains more than double their worth to us, or perhaps to anybody else. We had already more material than we had use for; therefore this was a burden voluntarily and not necessarily assumed. Yet we performed our agreement to the letter.

We commenced therefore under extraordinary pecuniary obligations to no man or set of men—a matter of no little importance, when it is remembered that the debtor is ever more or less a slave to the creditor, and especially so, when the debt has been created in the shape of a friendly loan. Principle itself, though ever so pure, will naturally yield something to obligations of this kind: laxness, under such circumstances, to some extent, takes the shape of amiability and gratitude.

The course of political events had already made us suspicious of personal influences here, and we determined at the outset that we would adopt and follow, as near as we could, the rule of right and principle alone, regardless of the frowns of would-be leaders and dictators, and regardless only of the approbation of the party at large, and our own consciences. If we had not been predisposed to pursue a course like this; or had not been convinced of its necessity by the past history of political affairs; we should have been impelled to adopt it by the fate of every democratic editor, (save A. F. Morrison,) who had preceded us. And what a fate! beggared in reputation as well as in pocket! Like wrecks on a lee-shore, these were warnings not to be disregarded, but at great peril.

But we had a difficult task to perform. We had a strong, well-disciplined, talented and energetic, wild and open enemy, in the whigs, to encounter. Our own party had been overwhelmed and disheartened by the Tornado of 1840. We needed every means and appliance, to regain even the ground we had lost, more to defeat an enemy fortified with the patronage of the State and General Government, as well as by the ultra effect of their apparently indisputable majority in the State and nation. So seemingly desperate a condition, would in the opinion of most men, have justified the enlistment of mercenaries; and, though we might not have agreed to this, we thought it prudent, at least, not to add, even indirectly, to the strength of the enemy, by then assembling the mercenaries or the traitors in our own camp, and thus run the risk of the appearance of divisions among the honest men of our own party. THE TIME HAD NOT

ARRIVED, in our judgment, for such a purification and such a public sacrifice to justice.

These are some of the reasons of our tardiness, complained of by our Fort Wayne friend. Besides, we confess we lamented a public exposition of the kind. We desired to drop the old Junto off quietly, one by one, without public disturbance, until they were all consigned to that well-deserved and hopeless obscurity which their evil deeds so richly condemned them to. This purpose they discovered, even so long ago as the time mentioned by our Fort Wayne contemporary. They have since witnessed our rejection of their base propositions, and ill-disguised their smothered and pent-up wrath. They have beheld the frustration of some of their unholy intrigues, and taved and cursed in vain. Elevated though some of them yet are, they begin to remember, or will soon be taught, that the time has been, and may again be, when there is but a step from the throne to the scaffold.

The day that we have long looked for with impatience has at length arrived. The Democracy are triumphant in State and nation; no contest with our whig adversaries is near at hand to restrain us through timidity or prudential motives; and the honest masses of both parties are in a condition most favorable to a just appreciation of right and wrong. There never could be a better time for the inevitable conflict, than this. We have been spared the possibility of misapprehension, which a commencement of the conflict might, and probably would have subjected us to, in the minds of many not versed in the too prevailing heartlessness and tergiversation of politicians. Melice, revenge and desperation has instigated the Junto to attempt to fight their way out of the predicament into which their own wickedness and folly has plunged them; but they will fight in vain. Their fate is fixed.

How it sounds Abroad.

A friend, a genuine Hoosier Democrat, of "pure blooded stock," writes us from Danville, Ill., and among other things, says—"I feel much gratified that you have done so nobly. It makes one feel proud to be called an Indian when such glorious election news reaches him in a sister State. I trust and hope that you may be successful in exposing the band of hunkers that have infested Indianapolis so long, and professing to be exclusives of the Democratic party."

We assure our friend that we shall not, faint nor turn back, until the party is purified and purged of such; especially when we every day receive strong assurances from our Democratic friends of the stern necessity of doing so, and of their aid and encouragement.

Here is a *single* from the New Albany Democrat of Aug. 29. It is a step ahead of ourselves in the development of the "Mysteries;" we want to do the business *consequently*; but it matters little how it is done or who precedes or follows, so that it be done faithfully. So far as we have the ability, this shall be done, though the heavens fall.

AFFAIRS AT INDIANAPOLIS.—We perceive by the Indiana State Sentinel, an attempt is being made to establish a new paper in that city, which is designed to give tone to the Democracy of Indiana. Judging from the character of those concerned in the new enterprise, we desire nothing of them. We are unwilling that the Democracy of Indiana should become responsible for the opinions of a set of men who have been fostered, and bred to the interest of a corporation. The object, if we mistake not, is to secure the election of a certain Mr. Morrison to the U. S. Senate (!!!) The Democracy of Indiana will not be thus trifled with. Bank Presidents and Bank Directors overthrew the Administration of Mr. Van Buren by not coming boldly to the work of separating the State Sentinel from the government at the expiration of 1838. And the Independent treasury must not be again defeated by such men. If they wish to abandon us on this measure, they must do it in private life, when their votes can be over balanced by the like number of honest Democrats; not in Congress, where it takes half a State or a whole district to destroy the vote of one traitor. We say to the State Sentinel, do your duty! But the gaffs on the old chicken and tear the hide clear off from the hypocrites. FOR ONE we promise to stand by you.

The war-cry of the Democrat rings pleasantly in our ears: we shall be mindful of its exhortation, and are thankful for its promise to stand by us in the fight.

The following is from the "Register," the new Democratic paper at Lawrenceburg, of August 30:—"The State Sentinel has already commenced a war against the new paper about to be established in Indianapolis. The Chapman's are determined to give the new editors a warm reception, and are making threats that they will give some astounding disclosures concerning the 'Old Hunkers' of this State. We fear that a war will arise between these rival prints which will do damage to the cause of Democracy; although they may lead to the production of some very interesting biographical sketches. It is to be hoped that all political rascality in our party will be made public. Now is the season for killing drones—our summer's work is done—the Whigs are effectually whipped out, and we have nothing else to do now than slaughter the drones in the Democratic hive, who live upon the toil of the party and do nothing for it. Keep your eyes open, Chapman, and when you see one who has grown fat upon the stores of Democracy, without laboring himself, pounce upon him and we will help you."

We would merely observe, that we do not "war against the new paper," unless a war against the false pretences of those who will control its editorial columns, may be so considered. We care nothing about it in a business respect; for we know we can hold our own with it in that without much trouble. Neither is there any danger that the cause of Democracy will ultimately be damaged by the collision, because, for every rascal we read out of our party, we add from the Whig party more than one honest man to supply the rascal's place. The rest of the paragraph is in the right spirit.

The Corydon Gazette, (Whig,) of August 28, cackles like an old hen over the "Locofoco Harmony" which now prevails at the Capital. We can assure him that there was never more of that same harmony here, for the entire Junto and its supporters would not make a respectable platoon. The Gazette concludes thus:

"Well, it strikes us, it is rather ungrateful to 'trench' upon the Sentinel after it has done all the fighting and all the crowing for the last five or six years, and if Locofocoism has any gratitude, which we very much doubt, they will continue to support Chapman. But should he be superseded, which will probably be the case, we hope he will transfer his tutelar Roster to the new concern, the sight of which will console the disaffected Locofoco at the loss of their old and tried champion."

Our Whig friend can retain his sympathy, for we do not stand in the least need of it.

The Crawfordsville Press tries to talk oracularly about the siege which "has been raised," between ourselves and the Old Junto here. He is about as near correct in this as in any thing else respecting the matter. The siege has but just commenced and will not be "raised," till the enemy are defeated and compelled to capitulate.

The threats that a certain individual makes of attacking private character when the new paper is started, had better not be so loudly made. There are always blows to be given as well as received in a warfare of that nature.

Goon.—We hear it rumored that preparations are being made to call out the "Bloody Three Hundred," and to fill such vacancies as may exist. Go it! We're on hand!

Infamous.

The Harrisburgh American, a Native Whig paper, in noticing the death of Gen. Jackson, makes use of the following language:

"Having learned in the school of adversity to be meek, and knowing it to be our duty to be patient and forgiving, we looked with perfect coolness and composure on an assemblage of men, met for the purpose of expressing the opinion of the people upon the life of a man whose ferocity was ultra Whigism, and whose moral aberrations had no boundary."

A street braver, a duelist, a horse-racer, and contemner of every divine law, having been called to his resting place by the fiat of the Almighty, was to be foisted upon the memories of the people as a demi-god. False to every profession he ever made, whether in morals, politics or religion; acknowledged by all as the basest demagogue that ever headed a Nation and led it to its doom; a sycophant at heart and a tyrant in power, yet the people of our country are called upon to mourn his demise."

It would certainly trouble even Nick Biddle to find more malicious epithets to blast the fair fame of a great and good man, and thus, as it were, drag the very dead from their resting place. A man who could condescend to use such language, deserves the scorn and contempt of every honest man in the land. It is but in character, however, with the miserable faction yeelp *Natives*. Without a liberal idea in their shallow pates, they desire notoriety by becoming infamous. But God says, Proverbs x, 7, "the name of the wicked shall rot."

The Text.—"On a level with the common people," as the Boston Atlas would write, the whigs deny that they are abolitionists. When it answers their turn, in print and in private letters, they bill and coo in the most loving manner with that sect. But look into Congress. With whom did J. Q. Adams, Giddings, Stowe, &c. &c. always vote? This test will not be disputed. Are they not in favor, also, of dissolving this Union? Adams's course is well known, as also that of the oldest and leading abolitionists in the country—they openly advocate it. What does Giddings of Ohio, and a western man, say. The following certificate is from the Georgia Republican. It speaks for itself. This is the same Giddings who wrote a pamphlet to persuade the Abolitionists to vote for Mr. Clay. He is now a whig member of Congress:

"Hon. J. A. GIDDINGS, Jefferson, O.
WE, the undersigned, do hereby certify that Abby Kelly in the course of an address delivered in this village on the 12th instant, stated that the Hon. J. R. Giddings had said to her in a private conversation, 'The Union is a curse and ought to be dissolved, and he (Giddings) should be glad to see it dissolved.' Again he said, 'The Union is a curse to all concerned, and he should be glad to see it dissolved.' We further certify that these were the identical words, word for word, attributed by Miss Kelly to Mr. Giddings without explanation."

C. T. Hakeson, C. A. Gardner, R. Vincent, R. Beebe, and sixteen others.

The State Sentinel is in error in publishing Clark Powers, Representative elect from De Kalb and Steuben, as a whig; he is a democrat, and defeated the celebrated Enos Beall. In justice to Mr. Powers the State Sentinel should make the necessary correction.—Fort Wayne Sentinel.

We make the correction with the greatest pleasure. And here we will take occasion to say, that we have had to depend upon the whigs for the most of our returns, and have consequently been chary of giving them as correct. We have repeatedly solicited the democrats in the different counties to furnish us with the earliest correct returns at our expense; and they have neglected to do so. Centrally situated, with an advantage in the mails possessed by no other town in the State, by prompt and early returns made directly to us, we could and would furnish every county in the State with our daily summaries up, if we could only get the returns to make them. The County Clerks, some of them at least, are lamentably negligent in furnishing official returns where required by law. We hope that these evils may be remedied. It is for the benefit of all, that we ask that in future this matter may be borne in mind.

THE INDIANA STATE SENTINEL.—This first best paper in the West is again on our table; and right heartily do we thank Messrs. Chapman's for their promptness in forwarding it. Don't forget, friends, to send your invaluable Sentinel to enquire after Pike, of the Pikeonian, at PIKETON, Pike county, Ohio. By the way, gentlemen, you can just say to those *interlopers*, who are trying to get up a new paper at Indianapolis to injure you, that they "can't quite come it!" The Democrats of Indiana and Ohio are too sensible to be caught in *gull traps*. They learned a lesson, in relation to such "fixers," in 1840, and have not forgotten it yet. We look upon all papers, got up in opposition to old established journals, as being covertly acting with the enemy, and no better than con publications. Do you understand us!—Ohio Pikeonian, August 28.

We sent the Sentinel to friend Pike of the Pikeonian, not because we have not already more exchange papers than we can well afford, but because as good old Gen. JACKSON said, in his last letter to Blair—"I am your friend, and never deserted one for POLICY." We thank him for his friendly expressions towards the Sentinel, though we are conscious they are more ardent than its merits can justify claim. Let them be regarded as the generous exaggeration of a warm-hearted and true friend to the Great Cause. But instead of talking to the "interloping" conservatives as friend Pike advises, we have given them his own words, and we have no doubt they, as well as the people, will "understand" him.

Mr. Covington, who is soon to trust himself to the tender mercies of A. F. Morrison, does not seem disposed to work in the best nature under the lash of his *Cass*—all but the C—conductor, John P. Dunn. Here is a cut from Mr. Covington's "Blade" of August 30:

"The last Beacon announces Hon. Joseph A. Wright as a candidate for Governor, subject to the decision of a Democratic State Convention. The Major must be getting in a hurry."

The same paper also announces Hon. Robert Dale Owen, member of Congress from the First District, as a candidate for United States Senator. When we remember that the dear Representatives of the dear people are those who select our United States Senators, we cannot help thinking that Major Dunn is a very modest man—an exceedingly modest man."

Even Judge Wick, while a Democratic elector in '44, was a pretty good abolitionist in Hamilton County."

The above extract we take from the last Freeman, the abolition sheet here. We had some notion of exposing the groundlessness of the whole article from which the above is an extract; but finding the game not worth the candle, we have concluded to say only that, the above assertion is entirely unfounded—having not even the semblance of truth.

Elihu Stout has been appointed Postmaster at Vincennes, Ind., in the place of James W. Greenhow, removed. We'll now give the Administration our *carle blanks* for any half dozen other appointments, on the strength of this act of justice to a forty year's veteran. It will alone for at least that number of blunders, which, we believe Talleyrand used to say were worse than crimes.

TENNESSEE.—We have before announced the election of AARON V. BROWN as Governor of Tennessee. Will His Excellency now believe that "Frostburg" is on the march?

The Postoffice is removed to the eastern end of town in McCarty's building, so called. We notice it that our friends may know where to find it.

Verb. Sat. Sap.

"A word to the wise is sufficient," says the proverb. We believe it. Among all the trades in existence, where is one which is called upon to do so many gratuitous acts for the public—that it is wrong for individuals, under the pretence that it is for the benefit of the public, as printers? A minister is to preach. The printer must publish a notice gratuitously, because he should let the public know such things. A lecture on science is to be delivered. Surely the great public, and your subscribers in particular, should be notified of it gratuitously. Some College wants a puff, and as all are interested in the cause of education, therefore the printer must do it for nothing. Some Society of Young Men, associated for good purposes doubtless, desire to notify the public of the same, and to have their names placed prominently in print, think it nothing but the duty of the printer to do so without fee or reward. And in numerous cases, this feeling has become so common among certain classes, that we feel certain it must be getting to be believed that a printer neither pays anything, that he requires nothing, that he was born to be the slave of the public, that he lives by suction like certain fish, and gets fat on good looks and "clever fellows!" Did it ever occur to any of the individuals in question that printers are really made after the fashion of other men? That they have as many wants, and but less chance to gratify them? That body and mind is ever on the stretch for that same public? That they have as hard creditors as others? That paper, ink and types cost something, and do not grow spontaneously? That the laborer is worthy of his hire, and has mouths to feed like other men?

And do they do all for the benefit of the public? We fear not. The minister, no doubt desirous of saving souls as a primary object, yet has in view the security and increase of his salary by adding to his flock. Should he fish with his hook unbaited? Does not the scientific lecturer expect his pay for enlightening the public? Why then should not the printer have his me which brings forth to the other's mill? Does not the College want pupils that they may impart instruction and get paid for it? Why then is the printer to help war one against the other, in favor of this or opposed to that, and have nothing for his expense and labor? If young men are to be assisted on to the stage of public life, cheered on and encouraged, as is too often the case even before they are half fledged, shall all this be expected to be done at the printer's expense, and he not to be allowed to say "his soul is his own!"

We have often been led to remark on this subject; and but one thing remains for the conductors of papers to do to secure what is just their exact due. That is, to notice nothing of the kind without payment, or a very particular personal interest, paramount at least to what would be considered just payment. If such a system is adopted, and we contend in justice to ourselves it ought, it should never be varied from. The public favor to be obtained from the present system, will never counterbalance the pocket's loss.

We have been led to these reflections by reading a note from the "Cor. Sec. Plat. Soc." in the *Wabash Express*. We think the editor has done wrong in suppressing the name of such a splendid genius. As it is, the note has a tendency to reflect on the character of the institution. The ass-piring Solon should father all the glory of it. His becoming mad at the remarks of the Express, and sending on a dollar in an insulting letter, will probably keep him out of a week's gingerbread; but we wish he would "serve us so."

Where is this?

The following, which accidentally fell into our hands, would seem to show that either somebody is a glutton, or his landlord, (or landlady?) it cannot be! thinks more of the *dimes* than their boarders' stomachs. Let it hit where it will, the author, unintentionally, no doubt, will be glad to have it in print, to add to its preservation.

SONG!

O! no! I never mentioned it,
The name of pie or cake;
My teeth are now forlorn to press
The once familiar steak.
To gruel quick! they hurry me,
To calm me when I fret!
For when they see me fawn my jaws,
They think that I forget!
They bid me seek in jaw-bone soup
The charms that Doctors see;
But were my lungs inflamed with croup,
I'd never drink Green Tea.
'Tis true, some time has passed, since in
The cellar where we meet—
I've sat me down to Terrapin—
And how can I forget!
They tell me oysters now are poor,
The leastest of the sea;
They hint that Lard's beer is thin,
But I know what they mean—
Perhaps like me, some luckless wight
His diet may regret;
But if his appetite's like mine,
He never can forget!

*The youth has teeth.

*Written first, and the facts would not warrant the assertion, and the author professes to be conscientious.

The Washington Shooting.

The Washington Union says that Justice Morrisell and Goddard, who conducted the examination in the case of Wm. Rufus Elliott, who stands charged with killing Zedee Kendall, and shooting Josiah Bailey with intent to kill, have decided to commit him to prison until the next term of the criminal court, which meets in December next; with the proviso, that if the judges of the district court shall admit him to bail on the first case, after hearing the testimony on a writ of *habeas corpus*, they (the justices,) will fix the bail in the second case at \$3,000.

The New York Morning News.

This excellent Democratic Journal, standing now in the very front rank, we are glad to learn, is prospering according to its merits. It has been much enlarged to meet the increasing demands upon its columns, and is now one of the largest and neatest papers in the Union. It is sufficient to say that it is edited by that staunch and distinguished Democrat, J. L. O'SULLIVAN, Esq., the conductor and editor of the Democratic Review. We refer to the prospectus in our columns.

Wisconsin.—The N. Y. Tribune says, "Gov. Whitcomb or Hon. T. A. Howard will probably be the new U. S. Senator in Indiana. The three Whig Supreme Court Judges will of course be ejected, to make room for *Loco Focos*. Good-bye!"

Who wonders that such papers keep their readers in ignorance? Will the Tribune inform us by what process Gen. Howard is to be raised from the dead—to be recalled from heaven—for such a purpose? Will it cipher out how three whig supreme court judges are to be ejected, when there are but two upon the bench? Where's Colfax?

Preparations for War.—A correspondent of the Washington Union, alluding to a probable declaration of war by Mexico, says that the United States Government should be prepared to enter the field with a force of at least 45,000 men, and that this force would finish the war in one year. And we say that they could do it in half of a year. Start now, and our Hoosier boys would be back in time for next planting, provided they did not make up their minds to reside permanently in the city of Mexico or California. We are not joking.

Verb. Sat. Sap.

"A word to the wise is sufficient," says the proverb. We believe it. Among all the trades in existence, where is one which is called upon to do so many gratuitous acts for the public—that it is wrong for individuals, under the pretence that it is for the benefit of the public, as printers? A minister is to preach. The printer must publish a notice gratuitously, because he should let the public know such things. A lecture on science is to be delivered. Surely the great public, and your subscribers in particular, should be notified of it gratuitously. Some College wants a puff, and as all are interested in the cause of education, therefore the printer must do it for nothing. Some Society of Young Men, associated for good purposes doubtless, desire to notify the public of the same, and to have their names placed prominently in print, think it nothing but the duty of the printer to do so without fee or reward. And in numerous cases, this feeling has become so common among certain classes, that we feel certain it must be getting to be believed that a printer neither pays anything, that he requires nothing, that he was born to be the slave of the public, that he lives by suction like certain fish, and gets fat on good looks and "clever fellows!" Did it ever occur to any of the individuals in question that printers are really made after the fashion of other men? That they have as many wants, and but less chance to gratify them? That body and mind is ever on the stretch for that same public? That they have as hard creditors as others? That paper, ink and types cost something, and do not grow spontaneously? That the laborer is worthy of his hire, and has mouths to feed like other men?

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But were my lungs inflamed with croup,
I'd never drink Green Tea.
'Tis true, some time has passed, since in
The cellar where we meet—
I've sat me down to Terrapin—
And how can I forget!
They tell me oysters now are poor,
The leastest of the sea;
They hint that Lard's beer is thin,
But I know what they mean—
Perhaps like me, some luckless wight
His diet may regret;
But if his appetite's like mine,
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*Written first, and the facts would not warrant the assertion, and the author professes to be conscientious.

The Washington Shooting.

The Washington Union says that Justice Morrisell and Goddard, who conducted the examination in the case of Wm. Rufus Elliott, who stands charged with killing Zedee Kendall, and shooting Josiah Bailey with intent to kill, have decided to commit him to prison until the next term of the criminal court, which meets in December next; with the proviso, that if the judges of the district court shall admit him to bail on the first case, after hearing the testimony on a writ of *habeas corpus*, they (the justices,) will fix the bail in the second case at \$3,000.

The New York Morning News.

This excellent Democratic Journal, standing now in the very front rank, we are glad to learn, is prospering according to its merits. It has been much enlarged to meet the increasing demands upon its columns, and is now one of the largest and neatest papers in the Union. It is sufficient to say that it is edited by that staunch and distinguished Democrat, J. L. O'SULLIVAN, Esq., the conductor and editor of the Democratic Review. We refer to the prospectus in our columns.

Wisconsin.—The N. Y. Tribune says, "Gov. Whitcomb or Hon. T. A. Howard will probably be the new U. S. Senator in Indiana. The three Whig Supreme Court Judges will of course be ejected, to make room for *Loco Focos*. Good-bye!"

Who wonders that such papers keep their readers in ignorance? Will the Tribune inform us by what process Gen. Howard is to be raised from the dead—to be recalled from heaven—for such a purpose? Will it cipher out how three whig supreme court judges are to be ejected, when there are but two upon the bench? Where's Colfax?

Preparations for War.—A correspondent of the Washington Union, alluding to a probable declaration of war by Mexico, says that the United States Government should be prepared to enter the field with a force of at least 45,000 men, and that this force would finish the war in one year. And we say that they could do it in half of a year. Start now, and our Hoosier boys would be back in time for next planting, provided they did not make up their minds to reside permanently in the city of Mexico or California. We are not joking.

Verb. Sat. Sap.

"A word to the wise is sufficient," says the proverb. We believe it. Among all the trades in existence, where is one which is called upon to do so many gratuitous acts for the public—that it is wrong for individuals, under the pretence that it is for the benefit of the public, as printers? A minister is to preach. The printer must publish a notice gratuitously, because he should let the public know such things. A lecture on science is to be delivered. Surely the great public, and your subscribers in particular, should be notified of it gratuitously. Some College wants a puff, and as all are interested in the cause of education, therefore the printer must do it for nothing. Some Society of Young Men, associated for good purposes doubtless, desire to notify the public of the same, and to have their names placed prominently in print, think it nothing but the duty of the printer to do so without fee or reward. And in numerous cases, this feeling has become so common among certain classes, that we feel certain it must be getting to be believed that a printer neither pays anything, that he requires nothing, that he was born to be the slave of the public, that he lives by suction like certain fish, and gets fat on good looks and "clever fellows!" Did it ever occur to any of the individuals in question that printers are really made after the fashion of other men? That they have as many wants, and but less chance to gratify them? That body and mind is ever on the stretch for that same public? That they have as hard creditors as others? That paper, ink and types cost something, and do not grow spontaneously? That the laborer is worthy of his hire, and has mouths to feed like other men?

And do they do all for the benefit of the public? We fear not. The minister, no doubt desirous of saving souls as a primary object, yet has in view the security and increase of his salary by adding to his flock. Should he fish with his hook unbaited? Does not the scientific lecturer expect his pay for enlightening the public? Why then should not the printer have his me which brings forth to the other's mill? Does not the College want pupils that they may impart instruction and get paid for it? Why then is the printer to help war one against the other, in favor of this or opposed to that, and have nothing for his expense and labor? If young men are to be assisted on to the stage of public life, cheered on and encouraged, as is too often the case even before they are half fledged, shall all this be expected to be done at the printer's expense, and he not to be allowed to say "his soul is his own!"

We have often been led to remark on this subject; and but one thing remains for the conductors of papers to do to secure what is just their exact due. That is, to notice nothing of the kind without payment, or a very particular personal interest, paramount at least to what would be considered just payment. If such a system is adopted, and we contend in justice to ourselves it ought, it should never be varied from. The public favor to be obtained from the present system, will never counterbalance the pocket's loss.

We have been led to these reflections by reading a note from the "Cor. Sec. Plat. Soc." in the *Wabash Express*. We think the editor has done wrong in suppressing the name of such a splendid genius. As it is, the note has a tendency to reflect on the character of the institution. The ass-piring Solon should father all the glory of it. His becoming mad at the remarks of the Express, and sending on a dollar in an insulting letter, will probably keep him out of a week's gingerbread; but we wish he would "serve us so."

Where is this?

The following, which accidentally fell into our hands, would seem to show that either somebody is a glutton, or his landlord, (or landlady?) it cannot be! thinks more of the *dimes* than their boarders' stomachs. Let it hit where it will, the author, unintentionally, no doubt, will be glad to have it in print, to add to its preservation.

SONG!

O! no! I never mentioned it,
The name of pie or cake;
My teeth are now forlorn to press
The once familiar steak.
To gruel quick! they hurry me,
To calm me when I fret!
For when they see me fawn my jaws,
They think that I forget!
They bid me seek in jaw-bone soup
The charms that Doctors see;
But were my lungs inflamed with croup,
I'd never drink Green Tea.
'Tis true, some time has passed, since in
The cellar where we meet—
I've sat me down to Terrapin—
And how can I forget!
They tell me oysters now are poor,
The leastest of the sea;
They hint that Lard's beer is thin,
But I know what they mean—
Perhaps like me, some luckless wight
His diet may regret